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THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE AND PROGRESS IN A
CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

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"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." — EPH. iv. 12.

THREE things, you observe, are here brought into view, each depending upon the other two. The perfecting of the saints is the growth and the ripening of the Christian believer in the personal graces and virtues of Christian living. The work of the ministry stands related to this, both as the means and the fruit of it: for an efficient ministry helps to Christian living in the believer; and then, again, its work is mightily inspired and borne up on the believer's prayer. And when you have both these, you have the body of Christ — that is the Church — built up, and ever enlarged and beautified, and extending its forces to the peaceful conquest of the world. Such is this Christian triad of *the saints, the ministry, and the body of Christ*.

I embrace the present opportunity to speak of these and kindred topics. I can best include what I have to say under one general head; namely, *the conditions of life, strength, and prosperity in a religious society*. The subject will suggest to

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us, as we unfold it, the duties and responsibilities of the relation which we have just formed, — duties and responsibilities which pertain to the pulpit and the pews.

In a new consecration to the Christian work that lies before us, let us get some nearer view both of its nature and its extent.

1. The first condition of life and prosperity in a Christian society touches *the foundation* on which it rests. It is not a voluntary association like a reform society. There are two views on this topic radically distinct; and our whole work will be one thing or another, according to the view we take. One view is, that Christianity is to be received just as all the other religions of the past are to be received. We must sift it as we would Brahminism or Parseeism; eliminate the good from the bad, and the true from the false; take what remains, and carry it forward into a new and more comprehensive cultus. Christianity was good for its day; but we have learned it out. God shows himself now only to the individual soul, and we must look there only for the newer and broader revelations. Believing so, a man preaches only out of his own intentions and inspirations. Of course, the Church, with its old ordinances and rituals, is abolished. We have only a voluntary association or a reform society, gathered around this man or that, according as his individual afflatus is the more plenary and demonstrable. That is one view.

The other view is, that Christianity is the absolute religion, not one of the superstitions of the world; that before it those superstitions are to pale away and disappear; that, so far from having learned it out, we are just getting through the letter of it, just breaking the rind, and beginning to taste the ambrosial fruit; that the Christ of the gospel history, so far from having set upon the world for some new one to appear, is but just melting through the mists of the early morning, and that we have hardly begun to look upon his open face. This being so, the Church becomes, not a voluntary association, but, as Paul puts it, the body of Christ; and the ministry draws not out of its own private stock, which is scant enough, but out of God's everlasting treasury of jew-

els and gold. In this view of the matter, a Christian society has truths in its keeping which are not of private discovery.

As such, it draws mightily upon a strength out of and beyond itself, verifying the promise and prediction, "Lo, I am with you alway." A ministry which preaches out of its own puny individualism has no more authority than the guesswork of this man and that; and it is liable, all the while, to degenerate into an intolerable arrogance and an enormous egotism. A ministry which has Christ for its background and support, and his majestic authority to which always to make appeal, has a right to speak to you with urgency, and apply the truth of God closely to your consciences: for the preacher disappears and is lost in his message; he only interprets and clears away the hinderances, that the Christ himself may be more openly revealed.

I hold it, then, as a prime condition of our spiritual life, that we make Christ the foundation, and his word, as our old covenants have it, "the infallible rule of faith and practice." The distinction between the church and lecture-room is, that in the first we come to hear, interpret, and apply a message from above; in the other we come to hear a man discourse ingeniously from his own notions and private opinions. He may call these opinions God's absolute truth. He and they may call this rush-light of to-day a new sun risen on mid-noon. It looks so to them. It looks so always when one's mind is kindled by the lurid gleams of his own private intelligence, warmed only by self-love. But the distinction is here: the lecturer speaks from himself; the preacher, if he be Christian, speaks from divine communications which are not of himself, and so keeps himself out of the way. Hence all the associations and societies which have ever been got up as substitutes for the Christian Church are weak and ephemeral, and crumble back into the individualism they started from. The Christian Church has all the Christian ages behind it; and, after eighteen hundred years of fluctuation and change of empire, we still "hear within, her solemn voice and her unending song."

2. Hence another condition of our life and prosperity be-

comes obvious, pertaining to *the end* for which we come together. We go to other places to be amused, to have our tastes gratified, to have our opinions echoed back to us; or, where men are supposed to preach themselves, and draw out their own intuitions, to admire the ingenious web-work which they weave, and float off in the air on the breath of human conceit and vanity. We go to church believing that we have souls to be saved and perfected, and that here we meet, or ought to meet, the Christ who can help us, and draw us up into the love and the salvation of God. I think it one of the surest signs of spiritual decline and death, when the attractions of the house of God are made to consist in the ingenuity of preachers, the husks of rhetoric, and the æsthetics of architecture; and, though churches be filled to overflowing in this way, it only stimulates the conceit both of preachers and hearers, and projects the spirit of the world into religious things, and increases it sevenfold.

All that I know of spiritual life; all of that truth which darts down through the inmost nature, and lights it up with the glare of noon, revealing the whole realm of sinful motive, like the fountains of the stream trickling down from the sides of hidden caves; all the openings down from eternity into time; all clear vision of its endless landscapes; all the light that shines on the path of duty, and makes it clear; all the warmth that comes into the heart, and fills it with comfort and peace in believing, till it overflows, — all this comes to me from this old Bible breaking its seals afresh to the groping generations to light them on their pilgrimage. It will be my chief purpose, so long as I preach to you, to open its contents and break its seals to you; to bring out its eternal verities as they lie embedded all through the rugged letter of history and parable, like seams of gold in the quartz mountains, to show them, not separate and fragmentary, but harmonized in a grand system of faith; to bring it in direct and naked contact with your hearts and lives and daily affairs; to bring out its threatenings alike with its promises and blessed consolations. You will find this done with a great deal of weakness and a great deal of imperfection. Only come with

this end in view, — to be revealed unto yourselves ; to know your deepest wants, and have them supplied out of the wealth and the fulness of God ; to get help to serve God worthily in time, and be fitted for a blissful immortality, — and you will carry a blessing away with you. That done, we shall be saved from the results, so meagre and shallow, of much of the church-going of these times, where manner and rhetoric and the rockets of the imagination are substituted for the grand gospel verities ; and a very superficial culture, a very external decency and moralism, for the regeneration of the heart, and the forgiveness and the peace of God.

Hence I think it supremely important, that worship, and not preaching, should be the great idea that draws us to the house of God ; and that preaching ought to be valued only as it brings us into attitudes of communion, and gives us the Christian atonement. In those congregations with whom faith in any thing has become of no consequence, and the Bible has become rather obsolete, they will amuse themselves with the genius of the preacher, as he spins out of his own brain his gossamer fancies, and sets them afloat above their heads in balloon-bubbles, — that wretched substitute for the gospel which is sometimes called originality. But in congregations where worship, and atonement with God, are the supreme idea, and men are always held close to its worth and grandeur, there will be no room for this sort of amusement. I think there ought to be some stated service where preaching as such is left out, and priest and people together are drawn up to the foot of the throne in adoration and prayer.

3. There is another condition of life and progress. If we would have these, we must not be a sect nor belong to a sect ; but, as the text has it, to the body of Christ. The distinction between a sect and a church is obvious enough, and should be kept clearly in view, and one never confounded with the other. A church organizes itself around the whole Christ, believing his truth to be infinite, his advent therefore to be perpetual, his spiritual coming always fresh and new. He is not merely the Christ of two thousand years ago, but the Christ of to-day.

A sect posits itself on some fragment of truth, some private interpretation of it made by fallible men; and it grasps this, and holds it as the last word in theology. Hence a sect has no future, and can only keep repeating a worn-out creed for ever. A church, while it holds on to the old truths which are central and primary, is open always to the Lord for new light, life, and inspiration; and so the old truths never become dead and stale, but are seen ever with new settings and relations, and with new illustrations of what before was dark and mysterious. A sect is always becoming partial and narrow, and a thing of the past. A church, if only it be a true one, — that is, the very body of Christ, — is always growing towards a genuine comprehension and catholicity; for, being his body and robe, it changes in the transfigurations of his light and love. Indeed, the reason of this notion, that Christianity is learned out, and that something else must be hurried up in its place, lies mainly in the fact, that men have drawn it off into creeds, and claimed the creeds as the whole of it. And so they study it there, where it has turned into stone and fossil, and not in the living Christ who melts through the ages, and breaks through the worn-out creeds themselves, as the husks and the sheddings of the coming harvest. Looking, therefore, to the Master, claiming to be his minister, and acknowledging fealty to him alone, I will never ask whether the truth he gives me tallies with the notions of this denomination or that, and whether men choose to call it Unitarianism or Calvinism. I do not believe that any of these names exhaust the truth as it is in Jesus, or are any thing more than the first stammerings of his everlasting gospel. And, while I would fellowship all denominations who have the Christian spirit, and work with them so far forth as I could work freely and to good ends, I would never get moored with any of them in the flats and shallows, where the living stream of Christian history is sure to pass by them, and leave them high and dry upon the sand.

Unitarianism, — why, if you construe it in the way of sect, it is only fifty years old, and its traditions are scant and meagre enough. But construe it as liberal Christianity, —

that is, Christianity in its largeness and comprehension,—and it gives us all the wealth of the past, and all the Christ of the future, as he comes ever new into his Church, and breaks ever freshly from the letter of his Word.

4. But we come to another, and most important condition of our life and prosperity. *Every Christian Church and Society should have an end and object out of and beyond itself.* The law lies no less upon a Christian body than upon an individual.

“He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it.” Life which is hoarded and kept in declines, and becomes extinct. Life which is given out freshly and freely and perennially comes back to the giver in fourfold measure. The Christian Church was established, not for its own sake alone, not for the comfort and salvation of its own members alone, but to be a living force in society, to sanctify it, and to evangelize the world. Indeed when the Church is called the body of Christ, what means it but that it is an organism through which Christ may have a new forthgoing to convert the nations, and draw them to himself? It is not a place merely where people may come together to hear preaching and praying for their own pleasure or their own edification: it is a corporate power to act upon the world’s evils, and purge them clean away. We talk about feeble societies,—generally meaning those who have not great wealth or great numbers; but there is more strength in three men or three women organized as Christ’s veritable body to do his work, than all the splendid popedom we could name organized for mere ritual and show. All church history proves it. The smallest beginnings, based on this idea of work to do and a mission to be accomplished, grow mighty and prevailing; for Christ comes into them, makes them his own instrumentality, and works by them and through them, and makes them healthy and strong: while the largest bodies, whose end is in themselves, and who care for nothing beyond themselves, are sure to be smitten at last with decrepitude and decay. If the Church leaves to reform societies the work which she ought to do herself, the reform societies so far

forth will drain the life out of her, and leave her with only a ghostly existence. And what work there is to be done ! There is unbelief and ignorance and wickedness and suffering, yea, the world itself groaning and travailing together in pain. And how impressively the admonition comes to her now, " Forasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me " ! Very true, no individual and no Christian body can do all sorts of good in all sorts of ways ; but the good cause which is congenial to it, and lies near to its door, it can adopt as its own, pour its life into it, and the unbroken stream of its charities great or small ; yea, give to every man and every woman and every little child something to do, and something to pray for, and something to cherish, not for themselves, but for the sake of humanity ; and then the pulse of the great heart of humanity would beat through them, and make them live. I do not know of any evil which afflicts society to which the pulpit may not apply the whole truth of the gospel, until the evil is scourged out of existence. If a political party has imbodyed some hideous falsehood into its creed, as parties are wont to do, and if the pulpit henceforth must be dumb in that direction, then it may see all the ten commandments annulled or travestied in turn as parties rise and fall. Clearly, then, both the Church and its ministry, though in the world, should have a position above it, which commands it ; never going down to its level, and becoming conformed to it, but always drawing it up, through the transformations of the Christian law, towards the serene heights of Christian perfection.

5. I name another condition of religious life and prosperity in a Christian society. It is, *that the members, individually and personally, be Christian themselves*. This is obvious enough, and almost a truism : but then how easy it is to slide into the persuasion that the ordinances of religion are for the public morals or the public convenience, or perhaps are a temporal and worldly expediency, and not as an aid to each one of us in forming a personal living relation to God and to his Christ ; or, as Paul puts it, " warning every man and exhorting every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man

perfect in Christ Jesus." This devolves upon each one the responsibility, not only to support Christianity, but to *be* Christian; to be clothed in its virtues and graces, and so to use its ordinances as a means of grace. After all, every thing else depends upon this. The stream will rise no higher than the fountain. There must be the Church in the house, and in the heart too, or there can be no living Church which is the public body of Christ; and the Church is in the house and in the heart when the individual acknowledges the spiritual interest to be supreme over all others, and is prompted to a self-consecration of his powers to a regenerate Christian life.

6. I name one more condition. It is, that the members of a religious society be co-laborers with its minister in the work of spiritual culture and of social and religious improvement. What can he do alone? Every individual, if he be a doer as well as hearer of the word, may preach the gospel, not only in his life and example, but sometimes in word and action, with a more persuasive eloquence than that of the pulpit. What is a Christian society but an organization of interacting and commingling agencies by which the whole body acts upon every member, and every member upon the whole body.

It is by the actual co-operation of every individual, that the whole body grows to perfection in Christ. The sabbath-school teacher who leads the pupils of his charge beside the still waters of truth; the word fitly spoken, whether of consolation, of warning, or of good cheer to fellow-travellers by the way; the prayers that go up to God and come back in blessing on the Church and the ministry; the Christian parent bringing home to his household the lessons of truth, and moulding the young minds around him to virtue and goodness; woman with the sweet charities of neighborhood, and with angelic ministrations at the bed of pain, — these, and such as these, carry the truth and the power of the gospel through a thousand subordinate channels, and make it pervasive as the rain and the dew. When there is this interaction and mutual aid among all the members of a Christian

society, they are rising, under the eye of God, to the perfection and moral glory of the angelic societies above.

Such, I think, are the essential conditions of life, strength, and prosperity. Let us cherish this as our ideal, and strive to approach it, and then we cannot fail to realize, in some sort, the beautiful triad of the text,—the saints, the ministry, and the body of Christ; and then the Christ will be seen and acknowledged, not merely as an historical person who lived a great while ago, but as one who lives now more than ever, the central life of his Church, the fountain of its charities, the river of its peace, the tabernacle of God with men; and then his love melts into all your hearts, breathes through all your speech, puts a soul into all your morality, sheds perfume through all your homes, transcends denominational lines, and draws us into the communion of the Church universal as doves that fly to their windows.

This done, the Church below is at one with the Church above, between which the angels of God's presence come and go on the messages of everlasting peace.

O God, the Holy Ghost in Christ my Saviour! teach me, I pray thee, what I shall do, that I may turn to thee. Oh! draw me in Christ to the Father, and help me, that now and from henceforward I may go forth from sin and vanity, and never any more enter into them again. Stir up in me a true sorrow for the sins I have committed. Oh! keep me in thy bonds, and let me not loose from thee, lest the devil sift me in my wicked flesh and blood, and bring me again into the *death of death*. Oh! enlighten thou my spirit, that I may see the *divine path*, and walk in it continually. Oh! take *that* away from me, which always turneth me away from thee; and give me *that* which always turneth me to thee; take me wholly from *myself*, and give me wholly to thyself. Oh! let me begin nothing, let me will, think, and do nothing, without thee. O Lord, how long! Indeed I am not worthy of that which I desire of thee. I pray thee let the *desire* of my soul dwell but in the gates of thy courts; make it but a servant of thy servants. Oh! preserve it from that horrible pit wherein there is no comfort or refreshment. — *Behmen*.

INTIMATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE are things of the spirit wherever we go,
For heaven is close-linked with our sojourn below ;
There is not an hour, if the vision be clear,
When the heart from its depths doth not own they are near.

In the light of the eye and the glow of a smile,
And the clasp of the hand unspotted by guile,
And the artless embrace of the innocent child,
Whose gladness bursts forth from its source undefiled.

And the music that touches the heartstrings within,
Ah ! do they not vibrate from pressure unseen,
As an undertone thrills us, so plaintive and sweet,
In chords full and rapturous while joy's pulses beat ?


And e'en the light south wind that breathes in our face,
And bids us look upward its pathway to trace,
The breeze on the hill-tops, the rill through the wood,
And the sighing mid vines where the lone ruin stood.

Not the leaves that the sages have left on their way,
Not the lips we revered in our life's early day,
Speak more to the heart of the spirit's deep power,
Than the magical voices of God's every hour.

Seek the things of the Spirit, ye sportive and gay,
Whose life seems for ever one midsummer's day ;
And ye who toil hard, so sturdy and true,
Look upward, — look onward, — they come to your view.

The words of the Spirit, oh, list to them all !
True riches, true pleasure, come forth at your call.
Pure beauty enfolds him who lives for the soul,
And death is new life, undivided and whole.

Give up idle musings, for they never bless ;
Nor fold up your being in earth's cold caress ;
But spread the heart open to heaven's own sweet light :
For spirit is power, where there dwelleth no night.



THE EXECUTIONS AT WASHINGTON.

WE are living in a day of judgment, a day of wrath ; human, certainly : shall we not also say divine ? Some may call it weak, and stigmatize it as sentimental, and beneath the just demands of the hour ; but I must confess to a certain heart-sickness when the gibbet is set up even before the mind's eye, and, with the rest, a woman is a victim. I am moved to other feelings besides those of deep indignation for the crime which has so been avenged ; I cannot quiet myself altogether by recalling the rank offences of those, who, because they did not choose to retain God in their knowledge, were given up by him to believe a lie, and to slay the just and loving. Vengeance, and the comfort which it brings, belong to hot blood ; and when vengeance has had its work, and slain the offender, and we can truly say, He died as the fool dieth, yet sorrow and mortal misgivings get hold of us as we look upon the lifeless form : we ask, Need it have gone quite such a length ? We put the question very often when it is not too late to get any good from answering it ; whilst, as yet, the transgressor is within the reach of human mercy, and can profit by our reviving tenderness, if, indeed, it be tenderness. I mean that, indignant as I am with villains and villany, I am not so swallowed up with indignation, that I would wait, as, in the days of persecution under Queen Mary, an English bishop waited for tidings from Smithfield, before sitting down to meat. I would rather the fearful news came later. I confess that I have no stomach for such tidings. I am not ashamed of the feeling which I am endeavoring to describe. But what effect should it have upon our conduct ? and what compensation has Providence set over against it ?

I answer, first, the sin must be slain, though the sinner perish in the process ; though, to use St. Paul's strong language, he must " be delivered to Satan for the destruction of the flesh ; " though the flesh should be torn and burnt off from him in the terrible discipline. There must be penalties :

heart-sick or not, we must not weakly interpose between the sinner and his sentence. To punish is one of the hardest duties laid upon love; hard in exact proportion to the measure of love; hard when the wrath is not that of the lion, but that of the lamb. How love is tempted to forgive! The angry parent is swift to smite the child, but the loving parent tries to believe that the time for sternness has not yet come. Only that it were too human a way of regarding Him whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, we could almost conceive of God as asking of his Eternal Word, Are there no less painful methods by which good can be brought out of evil, and my own dear Son be spared? But there is a reality of sin, and there must be a corresponding reality of suffering, — real fire to burn it out of us. Revenge, hatred, malice, bitterness, punishment merely as punishment, are of the Devil, and the sentences of an unhallowed wrath ought to make us heart-sick unto repentance: but, as the great and loving God makes the heaven above the sinner to be as brass, and his soul is bound as in a torture-house, so we must sometimes bind men hand and foot, and bear them away to deserved punishment; and the less delight we find in doing it, the more reason have we to believe that we are doing what is right. A healthy human sense in the mind of the people declares that there is such a thing as a crime, — offences which are not to be forgiven by society, and which are to be stamped as unpardonable. It is a loss, not a gain, to humanity when this sense is tampered with; when criminals are treated as if they were merely misguided and insane: undoubtedly they are that; but such wanderings must be restrained with a strong hand, and there is a moral insanity for which we must give account to judges human and divine. The time has been, indeed, when cruelty and cowardice and low views of human nature dictated the criminal code; and this time has not gone by, in many places. There have been, and are, enormities of punishment against which every humane, not to say Christian, man must needs plead: but they relate more to minor offences than to great crimes; to children who have been taught to steal, more than to men who resort to murder.

And there are imperative social necessities before which humanity, even, must shut her mouth. The tired sentinel sleeps at his post, and men all say, He must be shot! The assassin smites unto death the Head of the nation: how can an equal justice spare him, or those who had part with him? Do you raise the plea of fanaticism? Grant it: but the sincere fanatic should be content to suffer, in order that those who are not fanatics, but only hypocrites, may not lightly imperil the peace of society, and deluge the land with blood. No: sad as it makes us, even to think of the infliction of suffering, we must not weakly shrink from it. It is the only way, sometimes, by which you can interpret the sinner to himself. Society tells him, that he has done that which makes him unfit to be at large, or even to live on this planet any more. It is a terrible thing to be told; terrible, because it is so true; and yet, methinks, compared with the awful sentence of conscience, it is but as the breaking of fearful tidings by careful lips. The manliest of those who have just suffered at Washington is reported, I know not with what truth, as having spoken of the light which had been thrown for him upon his shameful deed by the discipline to which he had been subjected. He had learned what he knew not before. There are many in our world who need just such teaching, and do not get it. They tell us, that it is of great service to the offending street-boy to be in jail, provided he is there but a short time. I presume the same thing might be said of not a few adults.

And yet, on the other hand, I can set down such harsh words only because the faith is so strong in my heart, that sufficient unto a suffering world shall be the awful misery which dogs its sin. Clouds and darkness and tempest are about me; but the sun is streaming down upon those distant hills. Sorrows are not appointed that the soul of man may be swallowed up of them. They must come. They are just. Do not hope to escape yourself, or ward off from others the retributive stroke. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time thine adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge de-

liver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Thou shalt pay the uttermost farthing; and yet, when that shall have been paid, thou shalt come out. Look forward, onward, upward! It is a tragic life, and upon many an earthly stage the curtain falls in the hour of deep darkness, and the faces are bathed in tears, and it comforts no one to say it was all their own fault. Yes, it was, and the more's the shame, and the more's the pity; and the more hopeless would be the grief, were it not that the city of God is not here.

It must needs be that God and man should deal with us very sternly: there is so much wood, hay, stubble, to be consumed, it is well if we are not consumed with it; but the heart of infinite Love is ever throbbing, though the hand which none can resist is reached out to smite and to slay. You are held at arm's length now, and the face of the Father has caught a frown from your dark countenance: presently you shall be folded in the everlasting arms to that loving bosom, and the night of your wickedness shall be ended; and as a dream when one awaketh shall the madness and the misery of earth be to the redeemed child of God. E.

PERFECTION.

WITHOUT the consciousness of sin! — O God!

Could I attain that high, divine ideal,
Sacred and beautiful, — though 'neath the rod
Still of thy healthful discipline, — how real,

Midst the dark trials of my earthly state,
Would this life prove to be; how doubly blest
Each comfort as it comes; how pure, how great,
Each day's sweet toil, and each night's heavenly rest!

Not then, as now, should some besetting sin,
Or the o'erspreading and corrupted air
Of this infected soul, fain enter in
To wither highest joys, or blast them there.

But the pure consciousness of sin destroyed,
 Of battles ended, victories nobly won,
 And peace with angel guests, — so unalloyed !
 Should lift me up, — my heaven on earth begun.

O Father and Redeemer ! 'tis a prayer,
 'Tis a dear hope that haunts me as a dream,
 That I may be so perfect and so fair,
 E'en in a world where such faint glories gleam.

What in the poet's mind so beautiful ?
 What in a life so high, so grand, divine ?
 When thrones and kingdoms fall, then, dutiful,
 And perfect before God, the soul would shine !

Without the consciousness of sin ! — O God !
 Could I attain that high, divine ideal,
 Though sinking ever 'neath thy chastening rod,
 More joyful still I'd be, more true, more real !

BOSTON, MASS.

W. M. F.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

THE Jews, we know, were looking for a temporal kingdom and an outward king. They waited for a deliverer, who should restore to Israel the power, the authority, the elevated position above other nations, that Israel had lost. Accustomed to conquer, they had become, instead, the conquered. Regarding themselves as the chosen and best-beloved people of the Most High, the first nation of the world, in comparison with whom all other dwellers of the earth were but barbarians and outcasts, they saw themselves reduced to the condition of subjects and suppliants, and regarded by their supplanters as barbarians and outcasts in their turn. They looked and longed for an anointed sovereign, raised and consecrated by Heaven from among themselves, who should overturn the Roman power, and set them up again on their rightful seat of authority.

And to the large body of the Jews, the idea of any inward

change and preparation for the coming era was quite foreign. The Jew of fair standing and reputation was perfectly well satisfied with his internal condition. He fulfilled Moses' law. He performed every ceremonial requirement. Knowing not the unhealthiness of his soul, he sought no inward reformation. He asked only this,—to be relieved from the oppression under which he unjustly suffered.

Now, Christ's whole teaching is a protest against this Jewish idea, that the Messiah is to found a worldly kingdom. John the Baptist, himself but half comprehending the real nature of the new kingdom, proclaims, nevertheless, repentance, change, as the essential requisites for those who would become its subjects. It was thought that the very fact of a descent from Abraham was enough to insure an entrance. John says, "It is not so: outward descent is nothing, inward life is all. And so afterward and everywhere the Messiah himself taught; and so he practised. Many of his own followers he chose from despised and hated classes. He lost no occasion of rebuking the self-satisfied spirit of the Pharisee, who felt that he, and he alone, was worthy of a lofty position under the coming reign; and of rebuking the lowly spirit of those who were filled with a sense of their sinfulness and their need. And when asked when the kingdom of God should come, he answered, "The kingdom is not what you look for. It comes not with observation. Never shall you see the Messiah establish any outward fabric. Never shall you see him raised to any gorgeous throne. He comes not to set you free from Roman yoke. He comes not to make you, in strength and influence, first of nations. Think not to erect here or there a royal seat,—visible shrine of heavenly power. Your own hearts are that shrine. Within you, and only within you, can God's kingdom come. It is not outward and temporal, but inward and spiritual. It makes no difference in what external state you are: free or subject, conquerors or conquered, you can win for yourselves, within yourselves, freedom, authority, joy."

We also, too many of us, are often still looking for the kingdom,—looking here and there, near or afar off, in this

world or in the next, for the establishing of some safe and happy place of relief and harbor of retreat into which we shall be received. We wait for better circumstances. We look forward to a happier lot. We long for the coming of a purer and holier time. Discontented, full of unsatisfied desire, we are frequently without conception of any heaven save some place where all causes of discontent and unrest shall be removed. With all our various ideas about death, we almost all agree in expecting some sudden change of the soul at death, when it shall be made, *be made*, healthy and happy. And in this world we look all about us for happiness, as if it were some jewel which one by long seeking might find. So seeking, we never do find it: yet we continually deceive ourselves with the thought, that the next time we shall be more fortunate; and so we go on in our search. And so to us does this word, spoken of Christ, need to be spoken anew. You *cannot* say, either now or hereafter, "Lo here! lo there! is God's kingdom. Here will I fix my peaceful seat. When I arrive thither, every desire will be satisfied." Nay, the joy, the peace, the rest, the freedom from care, the satisfaction of desire, are only to be found within you. It matters not, in comparison, *where* you are. It matters most and always *what* you are. You may have riches or poverty; your loved ones may all stay with you, or all go from you to God; you may enjoy health, or you may be laid low in sickness; you may live in the midst of holiness, or in the midst of unrighteousness, — neither in the one condition nor in the other shall you find or miss the kingdom. If you have it at all, you have it within you, and bear it about with you, whatever you enjoy, whatever you endure.

All gratification, delight, satisfaction, — save mere sensual pleasure, which is acknowledged by all to be temporal, and which sooner or later palls, — depend for their realization upon the condition of the inward man. You can find no happiness in any thing, unless there is deep down within your soul some source of happiness which responds to the outward cause of joy. Nothing delights you, unless your

soul is attuned to that delight. The voice of the mother awakens in the breast of a stranger no emotion. But from her little child, who hears it, comes in response glad utterance, declaring the love implanted and growing in its heart. Its kingdom is that mother's love within it, not without. And, when God speaks to us in any fashion, only his loving children hear his voice, and leap to meet him.

You may go and view some pleasant landscape,—some picture of earth's beauty that God has spread before you. From some height you may look afar, over field and hill and river; over woods green and flowering under spring's magic touch, or waving with summer luxuriance, or glowing, as they fade, in ripened autumn grandeur. But whether such lovely sight shall give you joy, or lie there before you meaningless and dead, depends on your inward state. Not in this beauty shall you revel, unless you have already become a subject of beauty's kingdom. Only so far as your soul is attuned to it can you derive from it any joy. The sense of beauty must have been developed within you. One devoid of this sense, or within whom it has not been duly developed, may roam the world over in search of enjoyment from nature's fair and wonderful scenes, and never find that which he seeks, whatever lofty heights he climbs; whatever stupendous cataracts or sweet babbling streams he views; whatever lovely lakes or broad and boisterous seas he sails on. While another, who has that within him which greets as a friend every thing of beauty, finds close to his home, and along his daily walks, more pleasant and cheering sights than the wearied traveller, after all his persevering and unsatisfying search. He can enjoy that which, once beheld, he is not to see again; nay, he can enjoy that which he shall never see, but only with the inward eye contemplates: for in his soul is set a throne for beauty.

People go together to hear fine music. Not all enjoy it equally. Some do not enjoy it at all. Not in all is equally developed, in some is not at all developed, or may not even exist, the capacity of understanding it. If one has not more or less of the sense of harmony and melody, more or less of

a musical soul, the play of instruments, the sweet utterances of human lips, are empty sounds to him, — nothing more. And the same person may find himself at different times more or less impressed with the same music, because in inward condition he is better or worse prepared to partake of its delight. The kingdom of music is not without, but within, the soul. One who goes about seeking it will never find it. Only in his own breast can he realize it. The outward symbol has no meaning for him, unless it correspond with some inward reality.

And so of human love. Into the kingdom of love one who roams in search of it cannot enter. You may surround yourself with home, family, friends, kind hands, gentle and tender hearts: these things are not real to you, are not your own, unless from your heart also wells up a fountain of love. To the isolated misanthrope, — isolated in the home circle, and in the densest throng alike, — all the excellence of humanity is but sin and sorrow; all the patriotism, faithfulness, zeal, patience, compassion, that beautify and glorify human life, are but mockeries, — sad shadows of truths which are never made realities on earth. But he within whom love dwells, and always holds his court, may go whithersoever he will, he cannot lose that which has become his own for ever. The loving heart carries with it its own sunshine, its own inseparable peace, its own joy, its own unconquerable power.

And in like manner the kingdom wherein God in a special sense dwells and reigns, comes not with observation, nor is to be seen with eye of flesh, — *comes* not indeed, at all, but *exists* in the soul conscious of God's presence. The one great mistake that we make, almost every day of our lives, is that we think of God, when we think of him at all, as above us, beyond us, out of our reach. We look up and off to him, as if he dwelt away from us; as if his only real throne, the place where he in his essence abides, were set on some infinitely high and distant eminence, whereto it were almost sacrilege even to try to direct our gaze. Whereas, to my thinking, one great object of Christ's mission was to convince

men that God lives,—is, just as really and truly abides, in this world, in man's heart, his temple, as anywhere else in his universe. He is no more truly on his throne in the heavens, at this moment, than he is in this assembly among us. In your soul, in my soul, he dwells. There we are to go, if we want him. There shall we find him, if we find him at all. When Christ tells us that the pure in heart shall see God, he speaks words of literal truth. He means that they shall really behold him here, in the same way, though not so clearly, but *in the same way*, that the angels behold him. We fancy that by and by we shall look upon his brightness,—look upon it as something wholly outside of, and apart from, ourselves. But shall we ever see him in any other way than that in which we may begin to see him here and now?

We think and talk and read about our Master. It is right and desirable that we should do so. It is well that the story of his life should become familiar to us; that we should acquaint ourselves with the cities that he visited, with the places wherein he spoke his strong and tender words, and did his kindly deeds. It is well to make his face and person ours. But not in this way alone can we find him who came to call men out of their iniquity. His spirit must be ours, or he is not ours, however well we know his history, however frequently we call upon his name. He rules with no outward sway. Within has he set up his authority. Only they are his true followers within whom his spirit dwells.

And we look, as was said at the beginning, for heaven as a kingdom only of the future, as a separate realm wherein good spirits abide, and whither they shall be transferred after death. Much of the language that we use about heaven—natural and perhaps necessary language—fosters in us this error. But I do not see how any one can rise from the careful and candid reading of Christ's utterances, without the conviction that the heaven of which he spoke is not so much a place as a state,—a state to be begun here and now; and that the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom not solely of the future, but also of the present. Within man's self is his

heaven or hell. Death changes him not. He carries through the dark and mysterious valley the one or the other, or portions of both. We must not wait for the kingdom of heaven. It will not come down upon us, nor shall we ever be led into and held within its happy precincts, safe and joyful. It is not far off: it is near. If we ever find it at all, we shall find it in our own souls.

How many of us have been waiting, all our lives, for a good time to come! We are poor, and look forward to wealth; oppressed, and wait for deliverance; wronged, and expect justification; sorrowful, and find in the future only peace and joy. In our present low and unsatisfying estate, we do not hope to gather the fruit of our labor and our patience. Adverse circumstances block the door of our kingdom, and prevent us from entering in. Perchance in time, circumstances change, our surroundings are more favorable, our present causes of sorrow are done away. And yet we have not that which we seek. Our good time, our kingdom, does not come. We are not satisfied. We still look forward, and wait and hope. And so we might look and wait and hope for ever, and gain nothing. For, whether here or hereafter, there is no such thing as satisfaction from without. Within is the kingdom, within is our happiness, — not that which we have, or can get, but that which we are. Circumstance, surrounding, may embrace joy; may also, for a season, dim its brightness: they can neither give it, nor take it away.

Let us leave off, then, our vain search; and, standing still in self-communing before our Maker, see him with our soul's eye. Whatever else we may gain or lose, whatever else we may enjoy or suffer, the kingdom within, once won, no man can destroy; the kingdom of joy and peace, — the KINGDOM: where the spirit, hovering master supreme, superior to every outward ill and opposer, has free course, and is glorified; owning no sovereign but God, and owning, serving, worshipping him always.

W.

(Lines contributed by a friend.)

"ENTERED THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."

REV. xvii. 15.

INTO the city ! In silence deep
The pearly gates unclosed once more ;
Hushed was the fall of her parting feet,
As gently she passed the threshold o'er ;
Only the light of that peaceful brow,
Reflecting splendors earth never guessed,
Told that the spirit had entered in
The holy city of Love and Rest.

Into the city ! A little way
Our faith may follow her "shining trace ;"
May see in vision the jasper walls,
The golden streets, of her dwelling-place ;
May catch the gleam of her robes of white,
As low she kneels 'mid the countless throng ;
May see in her hand the victor palm,
And know her voice in the ceaseless song.

Into the city ! whose purer joys
Were ne'er to prophet or saint revealed, —
To clasp the loved ones of earth, and share
The bliss of the souls that God has sealed ;
To lean for aye on the Saviour's breast,
Where life's glad river for ever flows,
And feel the sun of the Father's smile,
The rapture that perfect love bestows.

Into the city ! Why stand we here
Gazing so steadfastly into heaven ?
Her angel whisper comes floating on,
Hallowed, and soft as the breath of even :
"A few more steps of the onward way,
A little longer to watch and wait,
And ye, with sorrow and tears all past,
May enter the city through the gate."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

"WHAT is the matter, Esther? you look troubled."

"I am. I have had so many things to vex and annoy me lately, and so many difficulties in the way of what I have tried to do, that I have been made quite unhappy by them; and I cannot dismiss the thought of them to-day. I wonder why it is that people have so many things to try them, — at least some people, for all are not equally tried: indeed, there are some who seem never to have any trouble at all. And this makes me feel sometimes as if God were partial; as if he actually designed to make some happy, and others unhappy. I have no doubt it is wicked in me to feel thus; but there are times when I cannot help it."

"This feeling of yours arises, Esther, from the mistake you make in looking upon happiness as holding a higher place than God has intended it to occupy in the thought of his creatures. He has always other and higher blessings to confer than this, — those that are capable of far more than compensating for the loss or absence of mere enjoyment. Therefore the fact that all are not equally happy does not prove the want in him of an equal love for his children: his higher blessings he bestows on all alike. Yet is it for them to choose whether or not they will be made happy by these blessings: on none does God bestow his highest gifts, unless they are sought or willingly received. And this is one proof of their greater worth. Happiness comes to us often without a thought, while these are not offered without a price; yet a price that all can pay.

"But I do not think there is the difference which you suppose in the allotments of Providence in regard to the common enjoyments of life. A difference there certainly is: it is too plainly manifest to be denied. But there are sorrows often which do not appear upon the surface, an appearance of freedom from them which is only in the seeming; there are those, even, who are outwardly gay and happy, who yet

have a worm gnawing at the heart. On the other hand, the sorrows which seem to us to be spread over the whole of life are not always unmitigated burdens: the disposition and other circumstances make green spots often in the desert of one's grief, and the heart is lightened, and made even happy for the time. There are none, I think, whatever their experience of trial and pain, but are sometimes visited by such alleviations.

"But let us look at the object of the difficulties and trials and perplexities of life. For what are they designed? They are intended, we cannot doubt, to make us stronger and better for the effort we must make to rise above them. The triumph over difficulties is the condition of all attainment; for, though it is true that we imbibe much unconsciously, we *attain* nothing without effort: and especially is this true in reference to character. We can reach no high moral state without effort, without struggling against difficulties; and therefore are they placed in our way. The Almighty, doubtless, could have made our condition one of unalloyed happiness, had he chosen; but he preferred to give us the opportunity of reaching a higher state, to offer us the prize of goodness as the reward of self-conquest. Have you never felt, Esther, the superiority of goodness as compared with happiness, mere common enjoyment?"

"Yes: I have felt it at times, and I have wanted to be good. But, as often as I have tried, I have found so many difficulties in the way that I have become discouraged, and given it up as of no use. They have proved too hard for me. And yet it has seemed as if I *ought* to overcome them."

"Do you suppose, Esther, that God ever requires any thing of us which he does not give us the power to do?"

"It would not seem so, certainly, if he is a good and just Being."

"And you cannot doubt this, I am sure, notwithstanding what you have said. You must believe, therefore, that you have the power for all that is given you to do. The Almighty has placed difficulties in the way of the lower animals, and of vegetables and plants; and they strive against them,

and gain the victory over them : has he given, do you think, less power to the human being ? Animals in pursuit of food, and in compliance with other wants of their nature, overcome many obstacles, and vegetables and plants no less. The roots of trees have been known to run long distances, struggling against many intervening obstacles, and so far overcoming them as at length to find a passage to the air and light, and grow up themselves in strength and beauty. A remarkable instance of the power of a mere plant to overcome a formidable obstacle in the way of its growth is given in the story of a nut-tree which I have read. Perhaps you have read it ; but all of you may not, and therefore I will relate it. A nut had been deposited for winter by some nut-eating animal under an old millstone that lay in a field. By and by, it sprang up through the central aperture ; and Mr. Warton, who relates the story in his 'Essays,' goes on to say, 'In order that the plant might have some chance of success, I directed that it should be defended from accident and harm by a wooden paling. Year after year it increased in size and beauty ; and, when its expansion had entirely filled the hole in the centre of the millstone, it gradually began to raise up the millstone itself from the seat of its long repose. This huge mass of stone is now eight inches above the ground, and is entirely supported by the stem of the nut-tree, which has risen to the height of twenty-five feet, and bears excellent fruit.'

"Now can you suppose, Esther, or can any of you, that God has given such power to a tree, and yet withholds from you the power to overcome the difficulties he places in your way ?"

"No : we cannot believe this, certainly. But suppose we try many times, and fail ; shall we go on trying, and never give up ? May we not sometimes mistake God's requirements, and our own duty ?"

"Yes : this is possible, but seldom necessary, where the mind is in a healthy state. It is only the morbid consciousness that is often troubled with exaggerated ideas of duty. Keep the mind open to all natural influences ; let these act

freely upon it while it is striving after the higher inspirations of God's spirit, and it will seldom think that to be a duty which God does not require. And then, when you can know with little doubt what God is asking of you, and have faith that he asks nothing which he will not give you the power to do, no difficulty ought ever to discourage, no failure ought ever to induce you to give up. Keep ever trying; and, though you fail many times, you shall surely succeed at last."

"But I fear very much," said Esther, "that *my* faith would not hold out against many failures. I should go back to the old feeling, that it was all too hard for me."

"And thus give up all that is held out to you, — the strength, the power of mind and character that is assured to you through victory, and all the peace and happiness of heart which such victory also gives! Oh no, Esther! do not be overcome by failure; do not give over effort. Take a lesson of the spider (you have read the story) that helped Robert Bruce. Twelve times, as the leader of her armies, he had tried and failed to set his country free, and had thus well nigh lost faith in his power to win for her success. Harassed, disheartened, weary, he sought repose in a barn; and, lying on the straw, by the morning light he saw the little insect striving with great effort to reach a point above him. Again and again he tried and failed; but, not thus to be discouraged, he tried again. Twelve times he made the effort, and as many times he failed; but again he tried, and this time his efforts were successful. Bruce saw and took the lesson; and, rising from his humble couch, he gathered his armies and went forth once more, and this time to win the victory. A similar story has been told of Timour the Tartar. In early life he was forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat alone for many hours. Wishing to divert his mind from his unhappy condition, he fixed his eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did the grain fall to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it succeeded. This sight gave Timour courage at the moment, and he never forgot the lesson.

These stories, if true, and there is nothing improbable in them, should teach us faith, and nerve us to perseverance in the midst of difficulties; giving us the assurance, that, though they may be often daunted, our efforts shall in time be crowned with full success. Do you want instances of the power of faith and perseverance in overcoming difficulties? all history is full of them. No biography that has ever been written, which has been a record of true worth or large accomplishment in any direction, but has shown that the way to these has been through difficulties, often, they would seem to many, insurmountable. And instances are not wanting, if we will look for them, or open our eyes to see them, in the experience of many all around us. I have myself known those whose courage and patience and noble resolution in the midst of trial and difficulty have been sufficient to put the weaker faith of many to shame. When we see those around us, with apparently no greater power than we, rising above difficulties as great or greater than those which are given to us to overcome, shall we not be prompted by their example to new courage and renewed exertion? I will close our lesson for to-day by the relation of a story which I have read of a blind sculptor, in illustration of our subject. The name of this sculptor is Kleinhaus; and he resides at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, where he was seen by a modern traveller, who relates the story.

“When five years of age,” he says, “he was attacked with the small-pox, which affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able

from the touch to comprehend by degrees the exact proportions of the figure ; anatomizing upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face, and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art.

“ When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself, whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead : he found himself alone and destitute ; and, rather than beg, he resolved to make out through his own exertions the means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had diligently devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other ; but his motives for exertion induced him to persevere.

“ After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand ; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection ; for he is now able to *engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.*

“ During the course of his career, he has sculptured several hundred figures. He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day, as in his youth. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his art.”

O God in Christ Jesus ! I am blind in myself, and know not myself for vanity. Thou art hidden from me in my blindness, and yet thou art near unto me ; but thy *wrath*, which my *desire* hath awakened in me, hath made me dark. Oh ! take but the *desire* of my soul to thee ; prove it, O Lord ! and bruise it, that my soul may obtain a ray of thy sweet grace. — *Behmen.*

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VIII. — THE WORD.

EVERYBODY understands that the reported words of an absent person give us no just conception of his meaning, unless we know the manner in which they were uttered. When I was a boy, our books to teach reading had examples of sentences which had four or five different meanings according to the position of the emphatic word; and I suppose modern works of this class have similar illustrations.

A somewhat important thing this reference to manner must be, when, into a remark dropped in the street, referring to a third person, a change in the emphasis in repeating it to him may put the soul of love, or the sting of scorn.

There is something still more noticeable, if we consider the case of receiving a letter from a distant person. If you are acquainted with the writer, your knowledge of his looks and tones and gestures forms a sort of running commentary on his words; and the page of his letter seems to have the lifelike figures of a piece of tapestry seen on the right side; whereas, if he be a stranger to you, it is the wrong side of the tapestry you look at, where the design is not at once apparent, and even may not be detected at all.

Of course, all must have thought of these things in connection with writings, which, in sacred interest, form a class by themselves, — the biographies of Jesus. What imperfect transcripts they are of his mind! Scarcely a hint do they give us of his manner of speaking; though who does not long to know on what sentences, or parts of sentences, or particular words, he laid peculiar stress?

The difficulty of forming a just conception of his meaning is still further increased by the manner of speaking in his time, and still common in eastern countries. It is our habit — I suppose because we are more prolix and artificial talkers — to express transitions, connecting ideas, and varying emotions, by words. Such is not the fashion in

the countries referred to. Nods and winks, a shrug of the shoulder, a shake of the head, a wave of the hand, form a considerable portion of their methods of mental intercourse. I have been told that a learned book has been published on the explanation of many obscure sentences in classic authors that is afforded by a knowledge of ancient gestures. I do not remember that commentators on the Sacred Scriptures have ever resorted to this source of exegesis, which yet, in some cases, might yield valuable hints.

I met, the other day, a friend who had lately returned from Arabia Petræa and Palestine; and he told me, that there, when two persons are walking and conversing together, one observes that every few paces they stop, and face round toward each other, so as to have a full view of those motions and gestures upon a sight of which a knowledge of each other's mind depends.

In examining Leonardo Da Vinci's great fresco of the Last Supper, the observer never fails to notice how animated is the gesticulation. All the disciples are talking with their fingers and arms and heads. In this representation, the artist was true to Oriental habits; as, undoubtedly, He was whose manner must have been full of a divine sweetness and power,—a manner as marked as the matter, perhaps even more, arresting immediate notice, and commanding instant conviction.

I believe that Roman-Catholic writers, perhaps under a bias which we all may suspect, have more frequently referred to the winning grace and divine energy of that manner than have Protestants, who have been under an opposite temptation to exaggerate the importance of a Scriptural literalism, and the printed word.

Does it not seem, that, till we take that manner into account, we can hardly comprehend facts found in all parts of the biographies,—why Jesus drew such multitudes around him; why the poor and neglected, the sorrow and sin struck so hung upon his lips; why many at once left all, and followed him; why parables and discourses should have been impressed so indelibly upon their minds; why they felt their hearts burn within them as they walked,

and talked by the way; why three words from him caused the soldiers sent to arrest him to go backwards, and fall to the ground; why a mere look from him should make Peter weep bitterly, or the bare sight of him draw forth the exclamation, "Truly this was the Son of God."

I was talking on this subject with Arthur, one November evening, as we sat in his parlor before a fire, which always has much more than its usual cheerful and cosy attraction in the first cool nights of autumn.

Arthur.—Those biographies of which we speak seem to me to be like a grand picture, drawn by an inspired hand, of which we have only the outlines,—nothing more. The filling-up and the coloring of the picture must be the work of a high Christian consciousness. The profoundest study of the letter is not enough, nor is a lively dramatic imagination. There must be a strong sympathy with the elements of such a character, an internal reproduction of him himself, so that he is seen vividly in his entire personality, in his acts and words, in emphasis and looks, in the divine graciousness of his manner, in the infinitely tender tones of his love.

Neighbor.—Is not here the reason, Mr. Arthur, why each generation seems to find something new in those biographies? Interpreted by a higher Christian consciousness, they are yielding continually fresh instruction, and thus can never grow old.

Arthur.—Yes, neighbor, I agree with you there; and I think another thing follows,—that we have no just idea of what the Teacher reveals touching any particular subject, until we have deeply studied his manner of treating it, and have tried to set him before us in his own living tone and look. Perhaps it would be interesting to do this on the subject of the soul's immortality.

Neighbor.—The infrequency of his direct allusion to it is one noticeable fact. Is it not a token of the calm hold it had upon his mind? No reiteration betrays nervous solicitude lest he should not be believed. All little details, with which pretended revelations have so much abounded, and for which human curiosity has betrayed such an itching eagerness, are subordinated to unfolding the laws of the spiritual life.

If it be a great thing to believe, that one ever lived among men, who had a knowledge of the mysteries of the future world, such

a striking reserve and majesty show where a claim to that knowledge is most credible.

Arthur. — Perhaps you have felt, as I have, a faith in immortality strengthened by the fact, that Jesus no where undertakes to prove it, or even formally to announce it; but, from the first of his ministry, assumes that the conviction of its truth is native to the human soul. We know that the world needed to have this doctrine lifted up into a more pure and radiant light; and, if I do not quite go along with some theologians in ascribing this effect to any one event in his life, but prefer to think that it came from the whole of his connection with humanity, I trust I am not, on this account, less thankful that he has made our hope more full of immortality.

For myself, I stand with wonder and gratitude before the divine plan of doing this, which was, as it seems to me, to confirm all our natural expectations, and give them the sanction of a supernatural knowledge. I feel more surely that these expectations are the voice of God in my soul, because the Teacher of humanity treats them as such, quietly assumes them and sanctions them as a part of his great message, without any formal annunciation, without a claim to any fresh discovery or new proof; and few things in the biographies of Jesus have impressed me more than the marks of his consistency with this divine plan.

Neighbor. — You state the case a little differently from what I have usually heard. It gives an increased interest to an examination of Christ's references to a future life.

Arthur. — And that is a work, each for himself, in some private, studious hour; but one illustration may make my thought a little clearer.

Take the first sentence of the first sermon that he preached. Let us try to call up the scene before us.

In a rural neighborhood of Judea, the story had spread, that the Great Expected had come; and crowds pressed forward to hear what he had to say. He stood on a hill-side, with a few whom he had chosen to be near him as his special pupils; and he is to give them, and the people at large, their first idea of the message he has brought.

It is a trial moment. How many feel that the look of his eye, and the tone of his voice, will settle every thing! So we should have felt, had we been there. Often have I tried to reproduce

him before me as he probably was at that instant. Sometimes I have seemed to catch a view of him, and then it has gone; just as it has been with artists trying to express some fleeting conception of the divine beauty of his person.

The very first sentence he utters is a key that opens far into his soul. Every man, you know, speaks from his consciousness. Of the hundreds of preachers we have heard, the first few words they uttered indicate the plane of their thought, while the consciousness from which each spoke was apparent, perhaps, before the utterance of a single word. In some we have seen at once a consciousness of intellectual strength, or of the authority of the Church, or of a trust in a creed, or of a belief in the hardness and perversity of human nature, or of a desire to gain applause; and, in many true servants of their Master, there has been apparent a self-forgetful longing to preach good news of Grace.

Do you think the world ever heard another who preached as he who uttered that first sentence of the Sermon on the Mount? There is no explanation, no argument, no assumption, no appeal to authority: there is a simple statement of a spiritual law. It was something behind that statement which carried demonstration with it. I refer to the manner in which those words must have been spoken; the celestial sweetness in that voice; the depths of heaven in those eyes; the trust in truth, in human ability to see it, in human hearts to love it; and the infinitely pitying and winning tone of invitation to come to him for life. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I feel that, if I had heard those words from his lips, it would not have been possible to doubt who should have the kingdom of heaven. To be like him was to have it. Such could not be out of it. Neither things present nor things to come, nor life nor death, could take it away. Heaven would be in the soul, and the soul in heaven; both enduring by their own undying nature. This was his aim, as it seems to me, — to open the soul to see in the laws of spiritual life the sure pledge of immortality, and thus to give to them a fresh sanction and power.

Neighbor. — Did you ever think of being a preacher, Mr. Arthur?

Arthur. — Do you ask because you see I have a facility of wearying you with words?

Neighbor. — But that is not your conception of the first qualification for that office.

Arthur. — No, by no means. But it is perhaps the only thing, in common with preachers, which I possess. You know my reverence for a calling which only seems too great for as such we.

“But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.”

Neighbor. — My question was suggested because you seem to have studied sacred subjects so much.

Arthur. — I have studied them no more than any thoughtful man must have done. I will not deny that this subject of a future life has been, of late, much in my mind. You will not think this strange.

Neighbor. — And you have found in the words of Jesus stronger declarations of that life than that just named.

Arthur. — Of course; but not many. Let me allude to one. It was made in that hour of free communion with his disciples, when they were sad at the thought of a separation.

In what accordance with human affection was it, that he then comforted them with the hope of a meeting in heaven? With such naturalness and delicacy and grace does he take up the subject, that nothing but a dull perception, and a gross inertness of sympathy, can fail to recognize the sure impress of reality and love; and then — what quite as much shows the Master's hand — the subject is opened just enough for consolation and hope, and there left in the obscurity in which it is good for us that it should remain. The divine beauty and grace of all this is a thing to be felt: it cannot be described in words.

And what does he say? “Let not your heart be troubled.” Do we know how much affection the best reader can express in these words? What an utterance must it have been in the deep tones of that sympathy which wept at the grave of Lazarus! “In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.”

Let us one moment stop there. Are not these infinitely precious words? He who knew what was in man saw what the human heart looked out for and longed for. These aspirations and hopes, welling forth from the soul in all its holiest moments, do they point to a coming reality? “If it were not so, I would

have told you." It is more than the expression of his personal love: it is the explanation of his reserve; it is the divine sanction of our inborn hopes.

And then come the tender words which follow: "I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again to receive you unto myself, that, where I am, there ye may be also." A few verses after, there seems something peculiar in his saying, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is a sort of appeal to the unutterable love which they *knew*, by his manner, he felt for them, and which had so much melted Master and disciple into one, that they must have the same destiny.

But the whole account is so pervaded by the spirit of infinite tenderness and love, that, as I have mused upon the outlines of this picture, it has at times started into a life that has moved me to tears; and not this scene of our present talk seems more real.

Neighbor. — What you say about his identifying himself with others brings to mind those memorable words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Arthur. — Yes, and I thank you for recalling that expression. It has not been friendly to a right comprehension of it, that it has been so often detached from its connection, and formally announced on stately funereal occasions. If we reflect upon it for a few moments, what an opening it seems to give us into a scene of transcendent reality and love!

In the little domestic group at Bethany, where the two sisters, Mary and Martha, were mourning the loss of a brother, He came to them whom they loved as a brother, and mingled his tears with theirs. Something more than a faith in a far-off and shadowy event would he inspire. He aimed to make them sure of the spirit's rising now, immediately, through that continued, unbroken life of which he was the pledge; so that, for whatever he stood, their love for him would make him it, and it him; just as, in hours of overflowing tenderness, one says to confiding hearts, "I am your strength, your prop, your safety," — a mould of speech into which only the intensest affection projects itself.

Can you imagine the manner in which he said, "I am the resurrection and the life"? Sometimes I have thought I got a glimpse of it when, in quiet and holy hours, I have tried to picture the scene before my mind, and have myself uttered those words, a hundred times, in what I suppose was his tone. Of one

thing I am certain, that an articulate voice from the opening heavens would hardly have made a deeper impression on the hearts of those who heard him.

As for Jesus himself, he little thought those burning words would go beyond that humble group, would be borne over the world, and down through the ages, the fittest to assure the hope of undying life in the sharpest hours of mortal anguish. They are a prophecy too; and how has it been fulfilled? He has been the resurrection, is, and will be; for in whom beside is human hope so centered?

Neighbor. — But, beyond any one assertion of a future state, what a spirit of hope and triumph pervades the whole life of Jesus!

Arthur. — Yes, indeed: who can overlook that? Jesus and death are the opposite poles. Immortality is the morning-song of the new creation. It is the spring of that submission which bows to present evils, because they endure but for a little while, and will work out a greater good. It is the consolation of that sorrow which looks forward to the time when all tears shall be wiped away. It is in the surprise of him who found the pearl of great price; it is in the joy of the father who welcomed back the prodigal son; it is in the smile of the Judge, at the last day, who says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father;" it is in the song of the angels over one sinner that repenteth; it is in the tearful awe with which, not the first disciples only, but the whole Christian world, heard that story of Lazarus, and looked into that empty tomb in the garden to "see the place where the Lord lay." Nor is this all: immortality is the key-note of every duty the teacher inculcates; for he has shown us, that we are to go through life, not with the timid and trembling gait of slaves who know not what is before them, but with the firm and joyous steps of soldiers who are marching to a victory.

Neighbor. — Well, Mr. Arthur, I have been waiting to see if you alluded to miracles,—the raising of Lazarus, and Christ's own resurrection from the tomb.

Arthur. — And you did not suppose, neighbor, that I should presume to say that there is no use in them, when they give such associations of power to the person of Christ, and offer sensible illustrations on which the minds and imaginations of thousands have fastened, and by which they have been held up. How won-

derfully the Word ministers to all our varying needs! Let us thank God it is so much broader than our intolerance, which would cut out from the Book of Life every thing that we do not find nutritive to our own peculiar taste.

I have indicated some aspects of that Word which go to confirm my hopes of immortality, and which put upon them the seal of Him that is true. Others may state the grounds of their confidence in some other way. Is this a reason why we should distrust one another?

There has been a long controversy, you know, touching the foundation of moral obligation; some placing it in the nature of right, and others in the will of God. What should we think of one who should say, "I will never believe the word of my neighbor, because he grounds his sense of moral obligation on a different basis from mine"?

To the tempest-tossed mariner, the main thing is to have his cable hold him to his anchor; and, if it does this, he need little mind those that condemn that cable because it was not twisted in their shop, or welded after their favorite mode; though he may well think that words of courage and cheer would more become them as brethren.

Neighbor. — Perhaps we think we should have had a more vivid faith in immortality, if the Bible had cast more light upon actual life in a future state. But does not this reserve arise from our sheer incapacity to understand the things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man to conceive"? Let us consider that incapacity one moment.

If I was to go to some planet where life is wholly different from ours, how could I give you by letter any idea of it? Every thing I should describe, you would interpret by conceptions born on your planet, and applicable to that alone. The only thing I could do would be to seize hold of some great moral principles which underlie life in both planets alike; and this is precisely what the Bible has done.

Arthur. — I met a gentleman yesterday who had long lived in England; and, as he praised that country, I asked him what it was that he liked so much. He thought a moment, and replied, "Life is so methodical there." He thus named one of the chief social features of that country; and I thought he complimented my understanding more than if he had named a score of details.

Neighbor.—I remember that, when I was a boy, my mother took me in a carriage to a neighboring town, to a house I had never seen, but where I was to pass one or two years. On my way there, how eager I was to learn all about the place from her who had often been to it! I asked how many rooms the house had, how many chimneys, how many windows; and, when my childish curiosity had been gratified, I fancied I had formed a pretty accurate idea of my future home. But such was not the fact. These details I interpreted by the house in which I was born, and I was thus misled throughout. Besides, in a fortnight's time I cared nothing for all these particulars. The moral relations of my new abode, the gentleness, kindness, good-temper, were the matters of enduring interest; but I was too much of a child in my ride with my mother to be able to subordinate every thing else to these.

Arthur.—Perhaps one day we shall see a divine wisdom and goodness quite as conspicuous in keeping a veil drawn over the future, as in allowing these partial glimpses through its waving folds.

SENSIBILITY TO THE BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

How freely do the flowers their wealth bestow
Of beauteous tints on every passer-by!
How freely, too, their fragrance round them throw!
To none who pass, their gifts do they deny.
But though for all their beauty they dispense,
Alike for all their fragrance round them fling,
Yet is there wanting oft a finer sense
Than to their blooming bowers we thoughtless bring.
So, when I meet them in the vale or wood,
Or, on the hill, their varied charms survey,
Blest with some purer thought, some happier mood,
They to my soul a new delight convey;
And, to their well-known haunts as I draw near,
More fair they seem, more fragrant they appear.

J. V.

SWEDENBORG ON THE INCARNATION.

[The writer of the following wrote his original reply for our May number. Its length was such that we could not insert it. The present article is the original one condensed. — Ed.]

IN the last March number of the "Religious Monthly Magazine" appeared an interesting article on "The Church of the New Age," from the pen of the senior editor. But on one point—the Divine Incarnation—I think Mr. Sears has misapprehended Swedenborg. And, as this is a point of great importance, I ask the privilege of presenting in the same columns the view which I have derived from a pretty careful study of the writings of the great Swede. I hardly need to say that I write not in the interests, or as the advocate, of any "ism," but simply as a lover of truth and justice. The paragraph to which I take exception is the following:—

"In regard to the divine incarnation, the Word made flesh, Swedenborg elicits nothing new, and is not consistent with himself. He is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else. He reproduces in all its essential features the theory of Apollinaris, which denies to Christ a human soul, and makes his natural humanity an outward mask rather than an incarnation; so that Christ does not assume our whole nature, but only the outside appearance and shell. In the primitive theology, and under its immediate influence, this whole subject was developed with a power and full-orbed completeness, not to be found in the great mystic, giving to the Christology of the Church a realism, a human tenderness, a warm sympathy of Christ with man, a practical working, and a renewing and redemptive power, which Swedenborgianism has never had, and which, so long as it remains an 'ism,' I think, never can have."

Now, the careful study of Swedenborg has brought me to a different conclusion from this of my brother Sears. It is my impression, that Swedenborg has developed this whole

subject with a "full-orbed completeness" as far transcending that of any or of *all* other Christian writers, as his doctrine of the resurrection, of the final judgment, or of heaven and hell, transcends in truth and beauty the doctrine hitherto believed and taught on these subjects.

I admit, however, in the outset, that there are a very few passages in Swedenborg which seem to justify Mr. Sears's charge of inconsistency. While I think the general drift of his teaching is sufficiently obvious, I find, here and there, expressions and brief illustrations, which seem not in harmony with his otherwise uniform statement of the doctrine. And I suppose it is these expressions and illustrations, which have led to what I am constrained to regard as a mistake on the part of the senior editor. For example, in illustrating the subject of the incarnation, he tells us in one place, that "all the spiritual part of a man is from the father, and all the material part from the mother;" and that the soul, which is from the father, is the real man; and the body, which is from the mother, is not the man in itself, but . . . is only the clothing of the real man, composed of such materials as belong to the natural world." And as Christ had no human father, therefore the fair inference would seem to be, that only his material body was derived from the mother. And, in some instances, Swedenborg seems to justify this inference in explicit terms.

But the true way, I submit, to interpret an author, is, not to seize upon a few expressions here and there, but endeavor to ascertain his meaning from the general scope of his teaching upon a given subject. And, if we pursue this course in our interpretations of the great seer, I think we shall find his doctrine of the incarnation to be very different from what Mr. Sears supposes it to be, judging from the paragraph just quoted.

1. First, note the language that Swedenborg employs when speaking upon this subject. "The Lord from eternity assumed the human." "The human which he took from the mother by nativity." "The Lord had, from the first, a human from the mother, which he put off by successive steps."

"Hence he was both God and man, having a ^{divine} essence and a human nature." "The Lord put off the human from the mother, which, in itself, was like the human of another man." "The human that he superinduced in the world was like the human of a man in the world," i.e. like the human of any man. "He could not enter into this degree (i.e. the ultimate) but by a nature similar to the human nature."

Now, these are not casual expressions. They occur hundreds of times in Swedenborg's writings. It is his uniform mode of speaking, when treating of the incarnation. And what does he mean by "human nature," and "the human" which was "like the human of another man," and which, he says, the Lord derived from the mother? Not the mere material body, surely, — which is what I understand Mr Sears to mean by "the outside appearance and shell." He who, throughout his writings, leads us to look upon this body as only the husk or shell, and no part of the real man, is the last writer that we should expect would call this body by itself "the human," or "human nature." If, then, he means by such expressions more than flesh and bones; if, as I think, he clearly means our whole complex humanity, — then the criticism, that, according to his theory of the incarnation, the Lord "did not assume our whole nature," is hardly just.

But we are not left to mere inference on this point. Swedenborg has himself given us his meaning of "the human." Speaking of the union of the Lord's assumed human with the divine, he says: "The essential human consists of the rational principle, which is the same as the internal man, and of the natural principle which is the same as the external man, and also of the body which serves the natural principle as a means or outermost organ of living in the world." (A.C. 3737.) We learn from this, that "the human," as Swedenborg uses the term, means not only the body, but the external and internal mind also, or our whole human nature. Therefore, when he speaks of the Lord's assuming the human, I understand him to mean that he took upon himself

our whole nature, — all that, at least, which falls within the realm of consciousness, — mental and moral as well as physical.

There is in every man what Swedenborg calls an “inmost,” a sacred province, which lies above our consciousness. It is here that the human properly commences. In the Lord, this inmost was the very divine itself. What he assumed was, according to Swedenborg, all of our humanity that lies below this inmost, including the rational as well as the carnal part of our nature. Thus he says: “The human with every man commences in the inmost of his rational. So also with the Lord’s human; what was above that principle (the rational) was Jehovah himself; and herein the Lord differed from every other man. Inasmuch as the human principle commences in the inmost of the rational principle, and the Lord made all the human principle appertaining to him divine, he consequently first made the rational principle itself divine from its inmost.” (A.C. 2194. See also 2106.)

2. Then it is to be remarked, that Swedenborg sometimes uses the term “soul,” not in its ordinary acceptation, nor in the sense in which *he* generally employs it, but as a term to designate that realm of our being which lies above our consciousness, — the *inmost* of the mind. And this fact may possibly throw some light upon passages to which I have referred, and which it is not easy to reconcile with the author’s general teaching. Thus, in his work on Influx (No. 8), he says: “The human soul, being a superior spiritual substance, receives influx immediately from God; but the human mind, being an inferior spiritual substance, receives influx from God mediately by the spiritual world; and the body, composed of the substances of nature which are called matter, receives influx from God mediately by the natural world.” He gives us the same definition of soul in the “True Christian Religion” (No. 8), calling it “the inmost or supreme part of a man;” and again in his “Conjugal Love” (No. 482). And, in this latter, he says, that it is this inmost which especially distinguishes man from beasts, and into which love and wisdom, in perfect marriage union, flow immediately from the Lord.

Now this "inmost or supreme part of a man" — that part which is above the realm of consciousness, which is the first receptacle of life from the Lord, which has never been polluted by sin, but still receives love and wisdom in marriage union from the Most High; that part which is the very inmost or *esse* of a man — is the part which I suppose Swedenborg means by the *soul*, when he says that "a man's soul is from the father;" but it is not this which people generally mean by the term *soul*, — not what *he* generally means by it. All without or below this, including the mind as well as the material vestments of our being, is, I suppose, what he means to embrace under the term "body," which he says is derived from the mother; for it all is the clothing, and thus the body, of this inmost. In men generally, — all who have natural fathers, — this "inmost" or soul is merely a form receptive of life; but in the Lord Jesus it was divine, — it was Life itself. And herein he differed from all other men. He had our *whole* human nature; for Swedenborg declares that "Jehovah or the Father willed to put on *all* the human." (A.C. 9315). But the "inmost," which he calls the *esse* or "soul," and which, in us, is merely a receptacle of the divine, in him was Divinity itself. Such is the plain teaching of the following among other passages that might be cited.

"That the divine was in him (the Lord Jesus) may be evident to every one within the Church from this consideration, that he was conceived of Jehovah; on which account he so frequently calls him his Father. The very *esse* of a man, and hence the inmost principle of his life, is from the father: the clothing or exterior things are from the mother. Therefore the Lord's *esse*, and hence the inmost principle of his life, was divine, because it was Jehovah himself; and the clothings or exterior things constituted the human, which he took from the mother by nativity. This human was such as could be tempted; for it was polluted with hereditary evil from the mother. But, as the inmost principle was divine, it was able by its own proper power to expel the evil which was hereditary from the mother; and this was done successively by temptations, and, finally, by the last which was that

of the cross; on which occasion he fully glorified his human, that is, made it divine" (A.C. 5041).

This seems plain enough. We are here taught, that it is the inmost principle or *esse* of a man's life that is from the father; and that the things outside of this inmost, which he calls *the clothings*, are from the mother; and that these "clothings, or exterior things, constituted the human which the Lord took from the mother by nativity." But "this human was such as could be *tempted*," — was "polluted with hereditary evil from the mother." Moral evil, or proclivities to evil, without which Christ could not have been subject to temptation, can be predicated only of the human soul. Therefore he must have had such a soul, using that word in its popular sense.

Sometimes Swedenborg calls this *inmost* or *esse*, which is above the realm of consciousness, the "internal man," and distinguishes it from the rational and external man, both of which are within this realm. The following is a passage in point, and confirmatory of what has already been said: "There appertains to every man an internal man, a rational or middle man, and an external man, as was stated above. The internal man is that which forms his *inmost* principle, by virtue of which he is a man, and by which he is distinguished from brute animals, which have no such inmost principle; and it is, as it were, the gate or entrance to man of the Lord, that is, of the Lord's celestial and spiritual influences. What is done and transacted here cannot be comprehended by man, because it is above his rational principle, from which he thinks. Beneath this *inmost* or internal man is placed the rational principle, which appears as man's own. Into this, through that internal man, the celestial things of love and faith flow from the Lord, and through this rational principle into the scientifics appertaining to the external man" (A.C. 1940).

We thus see, that, according to Swedenborg's principles of ontology, our human nature or being is an exceedingly complex structure. There are degrees of life in every man; realms of being, so to speak, which lie fold within fold.

These ascend in regular gradation, from the lowest, which is the material or sensual, up through the natural, rational, spiritual, and celestial, to that highest or "inmost," which is above the region of conscious thought, which connects man with his Maker in a way that no other creature is connected, which is the Lord's gate of entrance to all below, and his own peculiar habitation with man. And the divine incarnation, according to Swedenborg, was the putting-on by Jehovah of all the degrees of life or realms of being pertaining to our humanity, except the *inmost*, which is above our human consciousness. That was the very divine, — was Jehovah himself at the time of the nativity. It was not, as with us, a mere form receptive of life, but Life itself. And this divine, which was in the Lord Jesus from conception, and was his inmost, was gradually brought down into all the lower degrees of the assumed human; so that that human was at last perfectly united to the divine, and became a divine human. This, according to Swedenborg, is what is to be understood by the *glorification* of the human. And, while the work of glorification was going on, our Lord was alternately in very different states; now in a state of humiliation, now in one of exaltation; now in the assumed human, — in a state below himself as we are below that "inmost," and now in himself; now speaking and weeping and praying and suffering as a man, and now proclaiming his independent and underived existence, his omnipotence, his omnipresence, his supreme and absolute divinity. All this is clearly set forth in many parts of the great seer's writings, especially in No. 1999 of the "Arcana," — a paragraph that contains more of lofty wisdom on this subject than I have ever found elsewhere crowded into the same space, but too long for quotation here. Those, however, who have access to the work, should not fail to read the whole of this number.

3. Swedenborg often says, that the Lord was born like another man, that is, with all the tendencies and attributes of our common humanity; that, as to his assumed human, he had an internal and an external like other men. To quote again his language: "The Lord also, *as to his human*, had

an internal and an external, because it pleased him to be born like another man. . . . This internal man is what is called the celestial spiritual from the rational, or, what is the same, the Lord's internal, which was human, the celestial of the spiritual from the rational. . . . The Lord, indeed, was born like another man: but it is well known, that he who is born a man derives his [constituent principles] from both his father and his mother; and that his inmost is from the father, whereas the exteriors, or those which clothe that inmost, are from the mother; and what he derives from both the father and the mother is tainted with hereditary evil. It was otherwise with the Lord: what he derived from the mother had in itself a hereditary principle such as any other man has; but that which was from the Father, who was Jehovah, was divine. Hence the Lord's internal [inmost] was not like the internal of another man; for his inmost was Jehovah" (A.C. 4963). The sole point of difference, then, between the nature of our Lord when in the flesh, and other men, was in the nature of his inmost. With him, this was divine and infinite; with other men, it is but a finite receptacle of the divine.

In speaking of hereditary evil, Swedenborg further says: "There is a difference between hereditary evil derived from the father, and that which is derived from the mother. Hereditary evil from the father is of a more interior nature, and remains to eternity; for it can never be eradicated. The Lord, however, had no such evil; since he was born of Jehovah as his Father, and thus, as to his internals, was himself divine, or Jehovah. But hereditary evil from the mother appertains to the external man: this was attached to the Lord. Thus the Lord was born as another man, and had infirmities as another man" (A.C. 1573); and the same in many other passages. Surely the theory of the incarnation involved in this is different from that which makes the Lord's natural humanity "an outward mask rather than an incarnation." At least, so it seems to me.

4. Thus the doctrine of the incarnation is seen to be intimately connected with that of the glorification. And

Swedenborg's doctrine of the glorification of the assumed human involves the entire doctrine of man's regeneration. Over and over again he tells us, that our regeneration is an image of the Lord's glorification; that, as he made his assumed human divine, so now he regenerates his humble followers; that the things which we are called to do and suffer in the course of our regeneration are analogous to the things that he did and suffered in glorifying the human; the only difference being, "that the Lord made himself divine by and from his own proper power, whereas man cannot do any thing from his own proper power, but from the Lord." (See A.C. 3043, 3138, 3490, 3212, 3296, 4353, 4402.) In one of the paragraphs here referred to, it is said:—

"The state of the Lord's glorification may in some manner be conceived from the state of man's regeneration; for the regeneration of man is an image of the glorification of the Lord. When man is regenerated, he then becomes altogether another man, and is made new; therefore also, when he is regenerated, he is said to be born again, and created anew: in this case, although his face is like what it was before, and also his speech, yet his *mind* is not like his former mind; for his mind, when he is regenerated, is open toward heaven, and there dwells therein love to the Lord and charity toward the neighbor, together with faith. It is *the mind* which makes another and a new man. Change of state cannot be perceived in the body of man, but in his spirit, the body being only the covering of his spirit: and when it is put off, then his spirit appears, and this in altogether another form when he is regenerated; for it has then the form of love and charity in beauty inexpressible, instead of its pristine form, which was that of hatred and cruelty, with a deformity also inexpressible. . . . From this image it may in some measure be conceived what the glorification of the Lord is" (A.C. 3212.)

Now, is it not plain from this and a hundred similar passages which might be quoted, that it was our *whole* nature, and not merely "the outside appearance and shell," which the Lord

assumed and glorified? How could our regeneration, which is a purely mental or spiritual renewal, be such a complete image of the Lord's glorification, that, through the experience of the former, we can understand the nature of the latter, unless the mental and moral as well as the material part of our nature had been included in "the human" that was put on? Furthermore, Swedenborg tells us, that the interior forms belonging to our spiritual organism were actually taken on by the Lord, and derived from the mother. Thus he says: "All the interiors of an angel, as also of a man, are nothing but forms recipient of life; and, because they are forms recipient of life, they are forms recipient of loves, for loves make the life of man. Since, therefore, the influent love and the recipient form are in agreement together, it follows that an angel or a man is of such a quality as his love is; and this not only in his original principles, which are in the brain, but also in the whole body, for the body is nothing but an organ derived from its principles. From these things it may be manifest, that man is made altogether new when he is regenerated; for then all and single things with him are arranged to receive celestial loves. Nevertheless, with man the prior forms are not destroyed, but are removed; but with the Lord the prior forms, which *were from the maternal principle*, were altogether destroyed and extirpated, and divine forms received in their place: for the divine love does not agree with any but a divine form; all other forms it absolutely casts out" (A.C. 6872). This, again, seems to me inconsistent with any other theory of the incarnation than that which supposes it to have been the assumption of our whole nature.

It is possible that I may have misunderstood Mr. Sears; or that he may not have intended, in the paragraph to which I take exceptions, to teach what his language seems to convey. But I am constrained to differ from him in the opinion he has expressed, that "Swedenborg is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else." On the contrary, I think he has developed the subject of the incarnation with a completeness not to be found in any of the old

theologies from the days of Paul to the present time. With the exception of a few expressions referred to in the commencement of this article, and which afford some foundation for the charge of inconsistency, I find the bulk of his teachings upon this subject to be uniformly clear, rational, and consistent, and in perfect harmony with all his other teachings. The doctrine of the Lord (and the incarnation is an essential part of this doctrine) is central and all-pervasive in his theology. It is intimately connected with all his other doctrines. It runs through them all, and gives shape, color, consistency, and coherence to them all. Any serious error here, or any partial or mistaken view of this subject, could not fail to vitiate his whole system.

I had intended in this paper to remark also upon Swedenborg's alleged "crudities and fantasies." But I have space only to add here my sincere conviction, that, while there may be some such things in his writings, they are *not*, in comparison with the genuine truths to be found there, as "the heaps of sand" which embed grains of gold, but rather as the grains of sand in heaps of gold.

B. F. B.

MEDIA, PA., June 27, 1865.

PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make !
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take !
What parchèd ground refresh, as with a shower !
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;
We rise, and all — the distant and the near —
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, — that we are not always strong ;
That we are ever overborne with care ;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer ;
And joy and strength and courage are with thee ?

TRENCH.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE EXECUTIONS AT WASHINGTON.

WE believe there is a general acquiescence in the sentence and its execution passed by the Military Commission upon the assassins of President Lincoln. And yet it does not appear that either of these four victims of violated justice were very depraved persons, except so far as they had been blinded and maddened by the secession frenzy. Payne was of a frank and kindly nature; Harold was more of a simpleton than a demon; Mrs. Surratt was conscientiously religious, and her previous character irreproachable; Atzerott was the worst of the four, though in him cowardice was the distinguishing trait. But the crime was the blackest in history; and the public safety required that the awful demands of justice should be satisfied.

It now remains to be seen, whether these persons, who were the mere dupes and tools of others, are to be distinguished above the scoundrels who stood behind them and set them on. That the villany itself was conceived and planned at Richmond, and carried out by secret-service money, and that Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were the central figures whence it drew its diabolic inspirations, is a fact involved already in the finding of the Commission, and which their verdict has virtually affirmed. It was this fact, unquestionably, which, in the estimation of Booth and his companions, gave a sort of legality to their actions, and blinded their moral sense. They regarded themselves as the agents of a Government which they ought to serve; and so they were not private assassins, but were working with the Confederate army, and were a part of its force. If these simple-minded persons, of more uncorrupt and honest natures, must be hanged, and their memories blasted, while the friends who stood behind them, and plied them with their infernal arts, and possessed them with their own devilish spirit, to their ruin, are to be let off easily and mildly, there could not be a more shocking outrage upon any clear, unperverted sense of moral justice. Call it any thing but "magnanimity." Call it

the most despicable of cowardly meanness. To take the dupes because they are comparatively humble and friendless, and spare the principals because their name and influence have been great, and their crimes accordingly more black and gigantic, would be a policy which ought to make any honorable man ashamed of the Government that could adopt it. To hang a *woman* because she was weak and easily misled, and find some softer punishment for the *man* whose policy set her on, and put all the demon into her, for that end, which she was ever possessed of, may be a good rule of action for Lord Brougham and the Tory press; but it is one, the very thought of which, if we have any dregs of manhood in us, we ought to denounce as a disgrace to the American name. One of two things is plain: the executions at Washington were cruel and cowardly, and ought not to have been, or justice must keep on in her majestic course till the principals suffer the condign punishment which has been meted to their dupes and instruments. "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not honor the person of the poor, nor respect the person of the mighty."

The English Tory press, true to its instincts, is denouncing our Government in advance, in anticipation of the punishment of Jefferson Davis. The assassination of the President is more tragic, and shocks the imagination. It is not morally any worse than the murder by starvation of sixty thousand prisoners, and the stabs at the life of the Republic, in which English Toryism is the guilty accomplice.

Its late maudlin sympathy for us in our great sorrow, and its glorification of the perjured villain who was the author of it, are fair specimens of its consistency and humanity, and will not, we presume, have the weight of a feather with our own Government when holding the scales of Justice.

s.

INDELIBLE IMPRESSIONS.

THEY who have visited the dark rooms of photographers know very well what I mean. The portraits of our friends, or landscape views, may be hidden and invisible to the eye, but ready to make their appearance as soon as proper means are resorted to, such as heat, or vapor of mercury, or sulphate of iron, or py-

rogallic acid. Shadows are not such transitory things as men commonly suppose. In the case of photography, we happen to know the proper means for development. The fact of chief interest to us is the imperishability of the primitive impression.

A spectre is concealed on a silver or glassy surface, until by our necromancy we make it come forth to the visible world. Upon the walls of our private apartments, where we think that the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our acts, silent but speaking silhouettes of whatever we have done. Can we say that among those phantoms there are not some on which we should be reluctant to have the cunning chemist try his art, and leave them, as the photographers say, fixed; some from which we should dread to hear the demand of the phantom of Endor, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up"?

If men were sure that their most secret doings were at such a risk, would not the world be better than it is? A sunbeam or a shadow cannot fall upon a surface, no matter of what material that surface is composed, without leaving upon it an indelible impression, and an impression which may, by subsequent application of proper chemical agents, be made visible. In many cases we have ascertained what the appropriate agent is; our failure in others is due to the imperfection of our knowledge, and not to any impossibility in the operation. Time seems to have so little influence on these effects, that I can conceive it possible, if a new vault should hereafter be opened in the midst of an Egyptian pyramid, for us to conjure up the swarthy forms of the Pharasonic officials who were its last visitors, though forty centuries may have elapsed since their departure. But let us see how these facts bear, in a most important manner, in the case of man.

If after the eyelids have been closed for some time, as when we first awake in the morning, we suddenly and steadfastly gaze at a brightly illuminated object, and then quickly close the lids again, a phantom image is perceived in the infinite darkness before us.

We may satisfy ourselves that this is not a fiction of the imagination, but a reality; for many details that we had not time to examine in the momentary glance may be contemplated in our leisure in the phantom. We may thus make out the pattern of such an object as a lace curtain hanging in the window, or the branches of a tree beyond. By degrees the image becomes less

and less distinct : in a minute or two, it has disappeared. It seems to have a tendency to float away in the vacancy before us. If you attempt to follow it by moving the eyeball, it suddenly vanishes.

Now, the condition that regulates the vanishing phantom images on the retina is, that, when they have declined in vigor to less than one sixty-fourth of the intensity they had while in presence of the object that formed them, they cease to disturb the sight. This principle is illustrated when a candle-flame is held opposite to the sun, or any light having more than sixty-four times its own brilliancy. It then ceases to be visible. The most exact of all known methods for measuring light — that by the extinction of shadows — is an application of the same principle.

But the great fact that concerns us is this : Such a duration of impressions on the retina of the eye demonstrates that the effect of external influences on nerve vesicles is not necessarily transitory. It may continue for a long time. In this there is a correspondence to the duration, the emergence, the extinction of impressions on photographic preparations. Thus I have seen landscapes and architectural views, taken in Mexico, "developed" — as artists say — months subsequently ; the images coming out, after the long voyage, in all their proper forms and in all their contrast of light and shade. The photograph had forgotten nothing. It had equally preserved the contour of the everlasting mountains, and the passing smoke of a bandit fire.

Are there, then, contained in the brain more permanently, as in the retina more transiently, the vestiges of impressions that have been gathered by the sensory organs ? Do these constitute the basis of memory, — the mind contemplating such pictures of past things and events as have been committed to her custody ? In her silent galleries are there hung micrographs of the living and the dead, of scenes that we have visited, of incidents in which we have borne a part ? Are these abiding impressions mere signal-marks, like the letters of a book, which impart ideas to the mind ; or are they actual picture-images, inconceivably smaller than those made for us by artists, in which, by the aid of a microscope, we can see, in a space not bigger than a pinhole, a whole family group at a glance ?

The phantom-images of the retina, as I have remarked, are not perceptible in the light of day. Those that exist in the sensorium,

in like manner, do not attract our attention so long as the sensory organs are in vigorous operation, and occupied with bringing new impressions in. But when these organs become weary and dull, or when we experience hours of great anxiety, or are in twilight reveries, or asleep, the latent apparitions have their vividness increased by the contrast, and obtrude themselves on the mind. For the same reason they occupy us in the delirium of fevers, and doubtless also in the solemn moments of death. During a third part of our lives, we are withdrawn from external influences, — hearing and sight, and the other senses are inactive ; but the never-sleeping mind, that pensive, that veiled enchantress, in her mysterious retirement, looks over the ambrotypes she has collected, — ambrotypes, for they are unfading impressions, — and, combining them together as they chance to occur, weaves from them a web of dreams. Nature has thus introduced into our very organization a means of imparting to us suggestions on some of the most profound topics with which we can be concerned. It operates equally on the savage and on the civilized man ; furnishing to both, conceptions of a world in which all is unsubstantial. It marvellously extracts from the vestiges of the impressions of the past overwhelming proofs of the reality of the future ; and, gathering its power from what might seem a most unlikely source, it insensibly leads us — no matter who or where we may be — to a profound belief in the immortal and imperishable, from phantoms that have scarcely made their appearance before they are ready to vanish away. — *Dr. John W. Draper, Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

“SWEDENBORG ON THE INCARNATION.”

WE give place to our friend Barrett's article on this subject, because the subject is an important one, and because we have no motive to misrepresent Swedenborg, but every motive to present him truly.

If we charged him with inconsistency, Brother Barrett's article is our full and complete vindication. We never conceived him to be one-half so confused and inconsistent as our friend makes him out to be. Christ, according to his statement, assumes our whole nature ; and yet that part of it which distinguishes us from beasts,

he did not assume. He assumed the human derived from the mother, which is only the material body ; and yet he was subject to temptation, and "born like another man." The soul, which is from the father, is "above the realm of consciousness," and "has never been polluted by sin ;" and yet it is so infested with hereditary evil, that the evil "remains to eternity," and "can never be eradicated."

Swedenborg's theory is not to be mistaken, and it is by no means so inconsistent as this. He posits the human under a two-fold division.

1. The *maternal human*, that derived from the mother, including not merely our flesh and bones, but instincts, passions, and an external rationality. This is tainted with hereditary evil, but the evil more readily sloughs off. It exposes us to temptation ; but the temptations are less subtle and deadly, being in the external man.

This maternal humanity is the embodiment of one more interior. Swedenborg calls it "the clothing" or "exterior" or "body" of the human derived from the father. The former, the maternal human, is the wrappage or body of the latter, — the paternal. He does not mean the mere *material* body, and we never said or implied that he did. He means the whole maternal humanity.

2. The *paternal human* included in the maternal as its covering. Swedenborg calls this "the soul," the "internal man," the "very man," and that which "distinguishes man from beasts." He never teaches that this is "above the realm of consciousness." He analyzes the paternal germ (*semen a patre*), and he finds in angelic light that it has three compartments or cells (*compages*). These are the exterior, the interior, and the inmost. The two last are open to the Lord, and receive the divine influx ; and this *influx* is above consciousness. The first or exterior cell antagonizes the two others, and is *opened towards hell, and in the form of hell*, in consequence of the hereditary evil. (See "Divine Love and Wisdom," No. 432 ; also small work of same title, pp. 75-80.) It perverts the divine influx, in consequence. It shapes character, devolves upon offspring the dispositions, mind, soul, and the very face and form of the father to the thousandth generation. Its evil is so subtle and adhesive that "it cannot be eradicated to eternity" (Arcana, 1573). *Per contra*, and not very consistently, it can be "extirpated by regeneration" (Arcana, 4317).

Christ had no human father, and so assumed only "the human derived from the mother," which is the mere clothing or shell of the "inmost" or "very man." This Swedenborg reiterates to the thousandth time. In place of the paternal human, which he did not assume, was the divine essence itself from the eternal Father.

This is Swedenborg's psychology, though not very consistent with his doctrine of redemption. The defect is not merely theoretical, but practical. Christ does not appear in Swedenborgianism on the side of his natural humanity "in full-orbed completeness," Brother Barrett himself being judge. Where is the human side of Christ brought out with the tenderness, and the humane and blessed sympathies, fitted to melt the heart into love and charity, as it is in what are called the old theologies? Brother Barrett himself complains, that Swedenborgianism, in all its principal manifestations, has been hard, unsympathizing, isolated from humane and philanthropic relations, wanting in regenerative power. Is this *all* owing to the mere form of church government, or is it owing in part to the fact, that the Christ on his human side is ghostly, docetic, lacking the warm lifeblood of our full humanity? If Swedenborg taught any other than a docetic or *quasi* human in Christ, bring it forth, in Heaven's name! do not leave it alone to Furness and Renan. So bring us to the Saviour, that we can lean on his breast, and feel the throbbings of his human love. We accord most heartily to Swedenborg his great service to the modern age; and we have taken every opportunity to show it. But that he "transcends any and all Christian writers" on this subject, we do not believe, or that he is so full and consistent as some of the Christian fathers, especially Hilary and the Gregories. If our readers have "Dorner on the Person of Christ," let them read it; and, while they will not value Swedenborg less, they will probably conclude, that all the wisdom of the world was not born and did not die with him.

S.

EXTRACT.

The inmost of the life of every man, which is called "soul," is from the father; but what the inmost puts on, which is called body, is from the mother. That the inmost of life, which is from the father, is continually flowing in and operating upon the external, which is from the mother, and endeavoring to make this like to itself, even in the womb, may be manifest from sons, in that they

are born to the natural inclination of the father, and, in some cases, grandsons and great grandsons to the natural inclination of the grandfather and great grandfather. The ground and reason of this is, that the soul, which is from the father, continually wills to make the external, which is from the mother, like to itself. — *Swedenborg's Arcana*, 6716.

REV. DR. CHANNING AND MISS AIKEN.

[We extract from an article in the "North British Review" on "Three Women of Letters," the following beautiful testimony to the influence of Dr. Channing. — E.]

"I WAS never duly sensible," writes Miss Aiken, "till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. . . . Under the notion of a generous zeal for freedom, truth, and virtue, I cherished a set of prejudices and antipathies, which placed beyond the pale of my charities, not the few, but the many, — the mass of my compatriots. I shudder now to think how good a hater I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race, until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings.

"Neither was my intercourse with my Creator such as to satisfy fully the wants of my soul. I had doubts and scruples, as I have before intimated, respecting prayer, which weighed heavily on my spirit. In times of the most racking anxiety, the bitterest grief, I offered, I dared to offer, nothing but the folded arms of resignation, — submission rather. So often had I heard, and from the lips of some whom I greatly respected, the axiom, as it was represented, that no evil could exist in the creation of a perfectly benevolent Being, if he were also omnipotent, that my reliance on Providence was dreadfully shaken by a vague notion of a system of things by which Deity itself was limited. How you have dispossessed me of this wretched idea I do not well know; but it is gone. I feel, I feel that he can and will bless me, even by means of what seem at present evil and suffering."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REV. F. D. MAURICE has been accused in a London paper of supporting a "satanic candidate," because he is in favor of the election of John Stuart Mill to be a member of Parliament. Mr. Mill's declaration, that, if God should doom him to hell for believing in the identity of divine and human morality, "to hell he would go," gives him this title of "satanic candidate" in the columns of some of those English newspapers which our foreign critics hold up as models to be copied by our vulgar and fierce press. Mr. Maurice sends a note to the "London Spectator" of June 17th, from which we quote as follows: "I can say of that passage, what I should hardly dare say of any other in Mr. Mill's writings, that I accept it wholly, absolutely, unreservedly. If I did not, I would go next Sunday into my pulpit, and tell my congregation that I had deceived them; that God had not revealed himself in his Son; that it is not true that one who took our nature is the perfect image of the Father. I must deny the incarnation if I deny the relation between divine morality and human morality; if I do not accept in the length and breadth of it Mr. Mill's assertion, that it is better to suffer any torments, here or hereafter, than to believe in an unrighteous God."

THE "London Recorder" states a very suggestive fact when it says, that "of the many priests who stood around the high altar of St. Mary's, at Moorfields, on the late occasion of the consecration of Dr. Manning as Roman-Catholic Archbishop of England, there were not less than *one hundred* who had either been in orders of the Church of England, or had been fellows of English colleges."

REV. MAMERTO GUERITZ, vicar of Colyton, East Devon, refused to read the Burial Service at the funeral of one of his parishioners, Mr. John Pavey, who had died in the Unitarian faith. The case, on complaint, was brought before the Bishop of Exeter, who, in June, delivered his judgment at the Episcopal Palace in Exeter. The vicar was not justified in refusing to read the Burial Service, as John Pavey had been baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, and had never been declared excommunicate. The bishop therefore admonished the vicar, and expressed the hope that the offence would never be repeated. If the bishop holds that

the mere water of baptism effaces the psychological effect of all opinions, we think the position of the vicar is the more respectable.

A NEW work on the catacombs of Rome, and the most learned and thorough ever published on that subject, has just appeared from the Pontifical press in Rome. "*La Roma Sotteranea Christiana*," by G. B. De Rossi, is a splendid quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, with numerous maps and drawings; and describes at length, not only the history and uses of the catacombs, but the numerous subjects connected with Christian archæology.

THERE has lately arisen one of those strifes between traditional exclusiveness and modern improvements which so often arouse English temper. The Great Western Railway proposed to erect an extensive repair-shop in Oxford. The measure would bring five thousand mechanics to that quiet city. Think of the sound of the hammer echoing through its noiseless quadrangles, and greasy workmen crossing its numerous walks! The thing could not be endured; and a tempest of opposition has been aroused. For our part, we think the thought and pressure of modern times, introduced, not only into Oxford, but into the University itself, would be better than the retention of the spirit of the old feudal days. Not among the five thousand mechanics would ever be heard the "vociferous cheers" lately given by the gownsmen of the University for Jefferson Davis.

A WRITER from Rome in the "*Independence Belge*" says, that it is a remarkable fact, that, in that city so bigoted and jealous, there exists a lodge of Freemasons. It holds its regular communications, and, at a late meeting, voted to send an expression of its profound sorrow for the death of President Lincoln to the American Government at Washington, not used, as this writer adds, to tokens of sympathy from the citizens of Rome, and knowing so well the hatred of the Romish priests for Freemasonry.

A FÊTE for the Unity of Italy was established in 1860, and for three years has been celebrated on the first Sunday in June. It was observed this year more generally and more enthusiastically than ever. A noticeable feature was the greater extent in which the clergy participated in it. The fact was regarded as a sign of the clear foresight of some coming compromise between the Pope and the King of Italy, by which the power of the former would be limited to spiritual affairs.

A NATIONAL CHURCH; SHALL IT BE EPISCOPAL OR CONGREGATIONAL?

PRESIDENT STURTEVANT insists that it must be Congregational, and that we must make a stand for Congregationalism, and not make light any more of Church order. We are not sure that he would decline the help of liberal Christians. He says, "Men will cease at length to make labored apologies for the ceaseless conflict of the sect system, and begin to look around them for some platform on which the whole Church of God on earth can stand together, and make war on one another no more. And when they do begin in earnest to inquire after such a platform, they will find it in the independency of local churches, built on the everlasting foundations of the truth as it is in Jesus; each disciple, as an equal brother receiving every other, and putting no yoke on his neck which the Master hath not imposed." What more can any Christian ask than that?

We append also some very generous words from the Rev. W. R. Huntington of Worcester, Mass., — words spoken in behalf of the Episcopal Church, and yet more in behalf of the Church Universal: —

E.

The three conditions of American catholicity were then defined to be, 1st, A simple creed; 2d, A varied worship; 3d, A generous polity.

I. A Church without a creed is an absurdity. It is also an absurdity to suppose that the whole American people can be united on any elaborate system of divinity, whether that system be allied to Trent or to Geneva. The Church of America must plant herself on the grand facts of the incarnation, and fight her battle there. The primitive creeds must be her citadel. If it is urged that this is giving up too much, it may be replied, that it is giving up no more than the Church was willing to give up during the first three centuries of her life.

II. A varied worship.

The preacher would yield to none in love and admiration of the Book of Common Prayer, and yet he could not help seeing the egregious fallacy of making liturgical worship a condition precedent of ecclesiastical unity. We cannot afford to keep men out

of the fold of Christ on æsthetic grounds ; and the form of worship, where the creed is right, is purely an æsthetic question.

III. A generous polity. One feature of such a polity would be the recognition of every baptized person as a member of the national Church, in virtue of his baptism. Another would be a willingness to favor and sanction a great variety of methods in doing our Lord's work. The suggestion was thrown out, that something analogous to the religious orders of the mediæval Church might bring into harmonious co-operation the various religious bodies in this country. If it was not schismatical to have Dominicans and Franciscans, neither need it be schismatical to have Wesleyans and Calvinists, if only they will come under one common government. But just here is the rock of difficulty. What shall that one common government be ? The preacher knew of nothing that could promise so well as that system which is both old and new, conservative and progressive, catholic and reformed, the system of republican Episcopacy.

A weighty responsibility rests upon the Protestant Episcopal Church in this matter. It is true that in her present posture, and with her present abilities, she would only make herself ridiculous by arrogating the title of the Church of America ; yet it is equally true that she offers the only basis upon which a really national Church can be built up. Men cannot start a Church. It is idle to prate about the Church of the future, unless we can find for it some point of historical connection with the Church of the past. Just this "missing link" we offer. Our Church traces her lineage all the way back to the first century, while, at the same time, she is, in her constitution, perfectly conformed to the structure of the civil government under which we live.

In conclusion, the preacher dwelt upon the temper and spirit in which catholicity should be sought. After all, the person of the Saviour is the real centre of Christian union. Only by rallying around him, as the soldiers of a broken army rally around their chief, can we be one again. We want also a cordial and kindly feeling among ourselves, a willingness to understand one another's difficulties and predilections, a disposition to make all reasonable concessions, and a desire to find points of agreement rather than points of difference. Let us beware of arguing for victory. Let us be very careful how we sneer. It is peace we want. May the God of peace send us a new Pentecost, that these things may come to pass !

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

ARE we told that Jesus Christ died to save impenitent, unreturning sinners, — sinners who not only come to him for peace, just as they are, but intend to remain with him just as they are, forgetting that there is no peace to the wicked? To see the highest result of a teaching which “preaches Christ” as an antidote to the conscience, and sets forth faith in Christ without enforcing its grand scriptural correlative, “repentance towards God,” we need only be familiar with the interior of a jail, and trace its workings upon a class, upon whose originally feeble moral instincts a long series of spiritual manipulations will sometimes produce an outgrowth too hideous to be mere hypocrisy. Doyle, lately executed at Chester, for a frightful attempt to murder a woman he lived with (being a married man), walked to the platform with these words (his last): “Jesus Christ was led like a lamb to the slaughter; *I, like him, offer no resistance*: I know that my sins are forgiven me.” He had eaten and drunk heartily to the last, conversed of his past life, sung hymns, listened to prayers and reading, and expressed regret, but certainly no depth of repentance, for his crime.

What a sad comment upon much of the popular religion! E.

“THE NATION”

UTTERS herself strong, clear, wise, hopeful, week by week, through the new organ, which is high-toned and humane in its politics, earnest and catholic in its criticism of literature and art. We sincerely hope that the experiment of an able weekly journal will be successful. The ground which such a journal would fill has been occupied heretofore chiefly by newspapers, the contents of which are gathered from dailies. Such compilations are more valuable than interesting, better to be put on file than to be held in one's hands. This comes a fresh visitor. When we open this, we are not reminded of a repast made up of warmed over dishes. The only question is, Have we the needful corps of writers?

E.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

RELIGION may properly be divided into two classes.

I. Those religions which have appeared to grow up spontaneously among men, having all the errors and deformities which a fleshly imagination would produce.

II. The religion of Jesus Christ.

First, From the three great ideas mentioned above, no science has ever driven even the religious of this class. It has indeed corrected many *forms of expression*, and has sometimes driven *individuals* who failed to distinguish between the form and the idea which the form overlies, into a rejection of the truth itself.

Second, Respecting the religion of Jesus Christ, Mr. Spencer's remark has no shadow of foundation. Since the beginning of its promulgation by Jehovah, and especially since the completion of that promulgation by our Saviour and his apostles, not one whit of its practical law or its philosophy has been abated; nay, more: to-day, in these American States, there may be found a more widespread, thoroughly believed, firmly held, and intelligent conviction of God's personality, and personal supervision of the affairs of men, of his fatherhood, and of that fatherhood exercised in bringing "order out of confusion," in so conducting the most terrible of conflicts, that it shall manifestly redound, not only to the glory of himself, but to the very best good of man, so manifestly to so great a good, that all the loss of life, and all the suffering, is felt to be not worthy to be compared to the good achieved, and that, too, *most strongly by the sufferers*, than was ever before manifested by any nation under heaven.

The truth is, that, in spite of all its efforts to the contrary, criticism has ever been utterly impotent to eliminate from human thinking the elements we have presented. Its utmost triumph has been to force a change in the form of expression; and in the Bible it meets with forms of expression which it ever has been, is now, and ever shall be, as helpless to change as a paralytic would be to overturn the Himalaya. — *J. H. Jones.*

Several Articles of interest and Literary Notices, omitted in this number, will appear in the next.